



**Spring Issue
1963**



R E G I S T E R

The Boston Latin School REGISTER

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

Il Clignote	3
Historia	6
Oldman	8
The Mountain, the Whimpah, and Plonk	10
The Painted Clown	13
BPS We View	16
Once Upon a Timelock	18

VERSE

The Final Sounding	5
Ratiocinative	9
The Great Rumpyldarm Epic	20
A Streetcar Named Late	25

FEATURES

Review	24
Editorials	26
Lords and Masters	28
Something of Interest	29
Sports	30
R. R. R.	34

VOLUME LXXXIII

Number II

April 1963

Published 3 times a year by the students of the
Boston Latin School,
Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy-five cents per year; by mail two dollars. Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and must be plainly and neatly written on one side of the paper only. Submissions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the magazine and the merits of the manuscript.



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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Assn.



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HE BLINKS.

He sees. A heavy black line follows Jake's pencil as it leaves the bank at the corner of Sixth Street and Fourth Avenue, and then glides down the alley behind Rotzi's Fish Mart, coming to rest beside the laundromat on Seventh Avenue. Jake makes a small square on the map in front of the laundromat.

"The car will be here, Harry. When you get the stuff, leave through the front door, follow this route like you walk it every day, get into the car like you're going to work, and we'll drive away right under the cops' noses."

"What if I have trouble getting it?"

"Now what trouble can you possibly have, man? The whole caper is gonna come off like clockwork. You yourself bugged the burglar alarm, and I cased the whole set-up, inside and out. We know that the nearest cop will be at least a full nine blocks away and will take at least six minutes to get there once they know what has happened. By that time, poof! We're off and gone. Off and gone, Harry!"

Harry Englande turns out the overhead light in the cellar of the Cross-town Bar and Grill.

He blinks.

He coughs. She looks up at him through a pair of rimless glasses, a study in indifference. The school-mistress type, he thinks. With an indifference equal to hers, he slips a yellow deposit slip under the window, on the back of which is neatly penned:

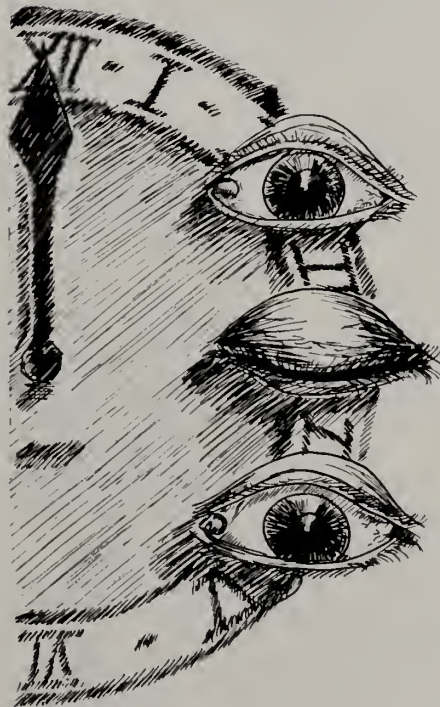
FILL THE BAG
ACT NATURAL
NO TRICKS

The mouth of a large leather satchel meets her uncomprehending gaze. He laughs inwardly at the thought of her frenziedly pumping the alarm button with her foot, as he was sure she must be doing. She is slow. A little encouragement is needed. Like a diffident child, the forward sight of his pistol silently nudges its way out from beneath his half-buttoned coat. She works faster.

He notices her quickly glance up. He turns. A round-house to the temple stops the greying guard, his gun still holstered. Jake didn't tell me about

IL CLIGNOTE

Roy Bernstein '64



this guy, he thinks. People are moving toward the door. Rimless is moving away from the teller's cage.

"Stop right there, sweetheart," he says, exposing the pistol for public inspection. She falls back to her task. "You, get away from the door. Stand over there, and keep your hands above your head."

The situation is in hand now. Things are running smoothly, just like Jake said.

"As soon as this little lady is through, I shall be on my way," he announces for the edification of the crowd.

He grabs the satchel and walks briskly to the door. "Gotta hurry. Jake's waiting." A loud report. A fire in his calf. He whirls about. His weapon momentarily erupts; the guard crumples. "Fool guard, what did he go and do that for?"

... "Sixth Street. Gotta hurry." ... "The alley." ... A serpentine red trail dogs his steps, as he stumbles on, conscious only of the smoldering hole in his calf ... "Rotzi's place. Gotta hurry; Jake's waiting." ...

The world suddenly comes alive with the strident staccato blasts of a police officer's whistle. "It can't be six minutes yet." A squad car lurches to a stop at one end of the alley. Inexorably, a policeman, gun drawn, appears behind him at the other end. A shot. Fire burns afresh in his thigh. "Jake! Jake! Jake! Where in Heaven's name are you? Jake!!!" He screams. He faints.

He blinks.

He listens.

... "Hear ye! Hear ye! All who have business at this court, draw near! The honorable Judge Tristey presiding."

... "I call Jacob Stellson to the stand."

... "Now, Mr. Stellson, will you kindly tell this court what transpired on the day in question?"

"Certainly. I was sitting in my parked car in front of the laundromat on Seventh Avenue, when suddenly I hears this loud explosion, and before I know what's happening, a cop opens the door of my car and tells me to get out."

"Yes. Go on."

"Well, he searches me and takes me to the station-house on Forty-Second Street, and locks me up. He said he was arresting me on suspicion of robbery."

"I see. Were you later given any further details about the reasons for your incarceration?"

"Yes, sir. They told me that that man over there fingered me as his partner in some bank heist."

"Have you ever seen him before, Mr. Stellson?"

"He is a total stranger."

... "And now, Mr. Englande, do you deny your complicity in guard Harris Sims' death or the actual robbery?"

"No sir, I do not. But I won't take this rap alone! Jake Stellson was waiting for me! Over there, JAKE STELLSON!!!"

"Mr. Englande. This court will tolerate no more outbursts of this nature from you. Kindly restrain yourself."

"But ..."

... "And if you shall determine, beyond a reasonable doubt, on the evidence presented, that Harold Englande committed the crime for which he stands charged, you shall find him guilty. However, should you determine that the prosecution has not proved its case beyond a reasonable doubt, you shall find him innocent. Likewise, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, shall you apply the same legal standard in judging the evidence against Jacob Stellson."

He blinks.

He hears.

"We find Harold Englande guilty as charged, Your Honor. We find Jacob Stellson innocent of all charges, Your Honor."

He blinks.

He smiles.

"Yes, Jake, it has been a long time. Twenty-four years eight months, and fourteen days is a long time."

He hefts the compact little pistol in his hand. Its cool metallic chill reminds him of a prison bar.

"You know, Jake, parole is a funny thing. It's there and it's not. You wait

for it. You run to meet it, and it eludes you. And then you do get it; but what have you got? Nothing. No late hours. No old friends. Nothing!"

He slips the safety catch forward with his thumb, and at the same time experimentally tightens his strangle-hold on the trigger.

"S'long, Jake."

The trigger slides back rather easily.

He blinks.

He starts.

"Quarter to twelve, Englande. Are you sure you don't want a chaplain?"

"No thanks. Never had much to do with 'em."

"Something special to eat, maybe?"

"No. Ain't hungry."

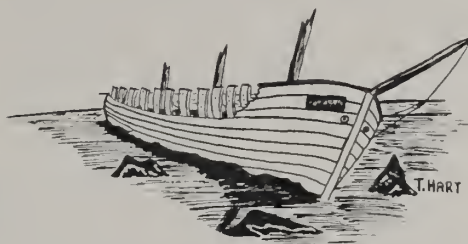
"Let me know if I can get you anything."

"Yeh, I'll let you know."

He blinks.

Twelve o'clock.

THE FINAL SOUNDING



A shattered ship that on the beach reclines,
Through you this aged soul views vanished years
When it did roam the seas and plunder mines
Of such a kind that ne'er on land appears.

The waves and winds that lash this lonely bar
Once bore your hull and filled your sinewed sails,
As sturdy seamen searched the depths afar
And strained their eyes to spy the wealth of whales.

The rippling strength of canvas overhead
Propelled our tireless wake across the world;
How often spouts of monstrous whales flowed red,
Declaring that the death-iron was well-hurled.

But our pursuit's great perils never ceased —
So many of Death's threats were not in vain —
As we who battled Nature's greatest beast
Were safe not even with the creature slain.

Our journey wasn't long, but filled the log,
That covered all the world's vast oceans' waves;
Soon other ships obscured by shrouds of fog
Shall sound their dirges over both our graves.

— Vernon Blodgett '64

HISTORIA

Brian McGunigle '64

Interviewer: "This is Phineas Claypool, your man on the scene at the the Boston Tea Party. The Patriots have just come back from the ships and landed on the shore. I'll try to get one of them over here to say a few words. Ah, you, sir! Yes! You in the war paint! Step this way please and face the camera with the little red light!"

Patriot: "Well, I hadn't planned on . . ."

"Face the camera, sir. That's it! I see you are painted like an Indian, sir, but you are actually one of the Sons of Liberty, right?"

"You mean I didn't fool you? How'd you know?"

"It must be the three-cornered hat. It looks a bit unusual with the war paint and the hatchet."

"Oh, I guess so. I didn't think you'd notice."

"Did you have any trouble getting the Indian equipment together?"

"Well, Indian feathers are pretty scarce around here, and some of the men had to use whatever they could find."

"Those are interesting feathers you have there . . . I've never seen any feathers like those before. They're extremely large."

"These are tobacco leaves . . . I couldn't get any feathers."

"Oh, I see. How did you and the others get out to the British ships?"

"We rowed out, but that had its disadvantages."

"For instance?"

"Well, I was just thinking . . . if a British patrol boat had stopped us and asked us what we were doing out there . . . I mean, we could have said that we were just friendly Indians tak-

ing a quiet paddle across Boston harbor . . . but . . ."

"I see what you mean . . ."

"Especially with the war paint and the hatchets and all that stuff . . ."

"Yes."

"And when we first started rowing, we had a little trouble. It was very dark, and we couldn't really see what we were doing, but we had an idea that we weren't moving very fast. But then we picked up speed."

"How come you suddenly picked up speed?"

"Ah . . . somebody pulled up the anchor."

"Oh."

"It was very dark . . . We didn't make much progress there for a while though . . . but we finally reached the ships."

"That's surprising. Did you have any trouble boarding the ships?"

"No. They didn't see us coming, or we didn't see that we were approaching them, or something. Quite a surprise!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well . . . ah . . . actually, we rowed right smack into the bow of one of the ships. Gave everybody quite a shock!"

"I can imagine."

". . . especially when the rowboat sank."

"Oh, it did?"

"Yes, That's the reason we boarded so quickly. We were sitting there in the rowboat with the water up to our necks and we decided . . . there was only one place we could go."

"Ah, how did the men on the ships react to your attack?"

"They weren't too crazy about the whole thing, and I suspect they doubted we were Indians."

"Why do you say that?"

"We were singing 'Yankee Doodle'. Not too many Indians know the words."

"That's true. Did you run into any difficulties getting the tea off the ships and into the harbor?"

"No. The whole thing ran like clock-work. It couldn't have been better!"

"And I understand you accomplished everything without firing a single shot."

"Yes. That's right."

"How did you do it?"

"Somebody forgot to pass out the bullets . . ."

"Oh."

"The bullets wouldn't have helped much anyway . . . we forgot the guns, too."

"Oh."

"You know how it is. When you're in a hurry . . . you always forget something. I was just thinking that it probably was all for the best . . . If we had brought the guns, somebody probably would have taken a shot at somebody . . . we'd have had an international incident right there . . . put us in a bad light . . ."

"Did you throw all the tea into the harbor?"

"Yes . . . well, I was going to keep a crate of it myself, you know — put the tea in little bags and sell them as souvenirs . . . I figured two shillings a bag . . . less for wholesale . . ."

"Then that was the whole story of the Tea Party? Oh yes, I meant to ask you if Sam Adams was the brains behind the whole thing. Was he?"

"No, but Sam told me the name of the fellow who first gave him the idea . . . What was it? Vaduz? Valdos? Valdez! Juan Valdez! That was it!"

"Who's he?"

"Ah . . . he's a foreigner . . . an importer . . . some sort of beans from South America."

"Oh. Do the Sons of Liberty have any plans for the future?"

"Well, we figure to run a clambake next Tuesday . . ."

"I meant political or revolutionary plans."

"Well, there's nothing definite yet . . . but I think we're coming into prominence now. We're on the move. We're really working for the people of the colonies and we're becoming a force to be reckoned with. I wish we had some sort of slogan, though, sort of a "grabber" with a patriotic angle, something that would indicate that we're fighting to conquer injustice, that we desire freedom and liberty, and that we are willing to lay down our lives for the cause of the oppressed . . ."

"That's a magnificent statement!"

". . . Yes . . . did you happen to write it down?"

"No, . . ."

"Well . . . no matter . . . I just figured . . . I might be able to use it sometime . . . at a rally or something . . . I can't think of anything in the slogan line, though. It has to have a certain . . ."

"I know what you mean . . . If you don't mind a suggestion, how about something like 'Better dead than redcoat'?"

"No, I don't think so. It doesn't have that certain . . ."

"Well, it was just a suggestion . . ."

"I appreciate your interest. 'Better dead than redcoat'. No, it just lacks . . ."

"Ah, yes. Well, I'm sorry to say that our time is running out, but thank you very much, sir, for this behind-the-scenes look at an event destined to go down in history. This is your man on the scene, Phineas Claypool, signing off and switching you back to our studios in New York."

OLDMAN

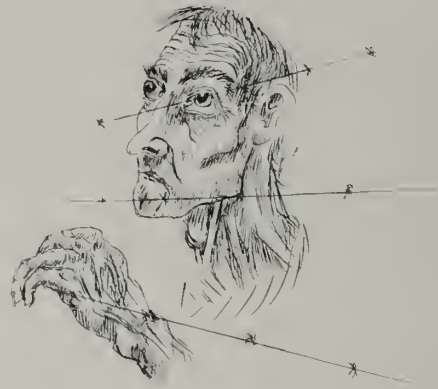
William Shine '63

LIE HERE calmly, no longer feeling pain, nor even fear. The acrid stench of crusted corpses and living dead still passes through my nostrils, but I have become accustomed to it. Pain slowly creeps through my body, cutting into my nerve fibre; yet I am no longer conscious of it, only a dull, thudding numbness which is my body. The wailings of children wrenched from their mothers' arms resound off my ears; yet there is no effect upon my battered mind, incapable of emotion; not even hatred, for that takes strength, a meaningless word here. My eyes open momentarily and snap shut wearily at the glare of the scanning yellow search light, seeking out those few insane enough to try to escape. The incessant bursts of gunfire and the stamping of thick leather boots produce an odd cacophony as they mix with the screeching of women, the cry of children, the groaning of men, young and old.

The question of how long this will last has long been drained, no, rather beaten, burned out of our loosened brains. Time is irrelevant: I must ask if it is day or night; the sounds and smells are the same during both. The dissonance of the whole atmosphere acts as a string section, to add fullness and depth to this symphony of death.

Stretched out on the cold, packed earth, grateful that it is winter, thinking of when the spring rains will come, and then—Then I will be cursing the Mother who bore me and the God who formed me; then I will not be alive . . .

I think of Yentl, lost somewhere in



this monstrous phantasmagoria of slaughter. Are you too stretched out on your back, hopefully unconscious of this Angel of Death, this sadistic heinousness which has taken you up in its stride? Flesh from my flesh, life from my life, what kind of an existence do you have before you? To grovel in the mud for the few scraps they throw us? To see your father die before your eyes? That is a life for one of His?

I have worn out my mind completely in asking myself the reason for this. But I have come up with an answer, the only possible reason for this madness. And it is that there is none; that there is no camp; that I am not dying; that it is all a nightmare, the product of an immensely hideous imagination, something beyond reality, inconceivable to a human mind.

That this were true!

But I must quiet myself, for this too is part of their plan, the psychological self-torture, the driving of oneself into the realms of fantasy and delusion. I am a man, a being with a mind and a spirit, and it is all being crushed, reduced to the state of animalism to justify a system.

To retain sanity is useless, those about me say; attain peace in madness; escape from this physical degradation into a world of your own making. Escape is impossible; insanity is the only exit: simple, sure, and irrevocable.

I remember how they used to stand around the barbed wire when we first came here, their complacent smiles almost making us believe that a mistake had been made, that it was a cruel joke. That was before they built the furnaces and bath houses. Reality settled down to business, so quickly, so efficiently.

The many who chose the only exit when they finally revealed themselves. The wild faces of those once brilliant, raving as they were being dragged off to their destruction! The many who followed their example later; those who now roll on the ground until they are kicked to death, stomped into their own filth! The death of a human being or of an animal? The death of a spirit or the death of a soulless beast?

They are entering my section of the camp. Their blood-stained soles hit the ground as if in defiance of the earth itself.

—Today we have the pleasure of

telling you that we are relieving you of all those over fifty, those unable to walk, and of course any new infants. All please stand.

I shall stand; I must. But I can't; I can't; I can't! They take their time and then arrive before me. I am still on my back. I look into their ice-blue eyes and see a vision of God himself. They pull me up, drag me toward the waiting peasants who carry us off in the direction of the bakery, as they call it. No one looks up as we pass. They all have their heads bent low. In prayer? In fear? We are hurried along; the stones cut deeply into my feet. Some about me have already begun to rave and foam at the mouth. I am conscious of pain for the first time, but it will all be over with shortly. We are now before the incinerator. They start to send us forward one by one. The screaming ones are dragged in at once, the infants are thrown into the air as targets; more and more fall on their stomachs, begging, imploring, weeping uncontrollably. They notice my stillness and grab me from the peasants.

— Yell, old man! Bellow! Curse your God! Blaspheme your whole filthy race!

We get closer to the entrance; I have not yet opened my mouth.

— Pig! Fall on your knees! Cry! Beg! Scream! Scream!

We are but five feet from the door when they realize I am dead weight. They throw me to the earth, tear open my rags and pound my body in a fury of kicks and punches trying to start my lifeless heart.

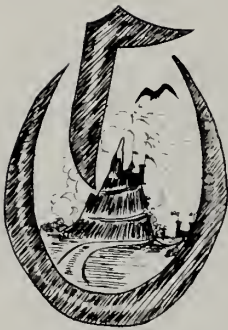
RATIOCINATIVE

If present's future must one day be gone,
To be, once gone, some future present's past,
We can that future present's future aid
By using knowledge gained in present's past.

— Vernon L. Blodgett '64

THE MOUNTAIN, THE WHIMPAH, AND PLONK

Martin Bickman '63



ONCE UPON a time, in a distant land, there were two small kingdoms. One of them, Fremmelania, rested on the top of a very high mountain called Mount Shtarko. The other, Fitherbly, lay huddled in a valley at the foot of Mount Shtarko. These two kingdoms were rather sequestered from the main stream of civilization, and therefore were not afflicted with fire-breathing dragons, deformed wizards, enchanted frogs, and the other annoyances of a more complex society. But, as we shall see, they had troubles of their own.

One day a stranger by the name of D. Terence Plonk was passing through the valley. When he reached the outskirts of Fitherbly, he suddenly saw a baigel fly out at him from the window of a dilapidated hut. Fortunately, the hole of the baigel struck his head first, so the blow was not fatal. While Plonk was nursing his head, a little old woman in an orange dress shot out of the hut and began to dance wildly around him, chanting, "I got 'im! I got 'im!"

D. Terence Plonk stared at his assailant and beseeched, "Oh, Old Woman, why do you throw a baigel at my head?"

"Ha," shrieked the old woman, "you can't fool me, you Fremmelian agent. I can see your head bubbling over with subversive thoughts."

"But, Old Woman," said the young man, "I am only a poor stranger, D.

Terence Plonk, out to seek my fortune, and perhaps marry a beautiful princess in the process. As proof, here is my diploma from the School for Fortune-Seeking Vagrants."

The old woman snatched the sheet of paper from his hands, and, after reading it carefully, she said, "Oh, I'm awfully sorry. You see, we're so on edge here. It's worse than ever before. Sit down awhile and I'll tell you of our misfortunes.

"For hundreds of years," she said, after they had sat down on a wooden bench outside her hut, "we of the kingdom of Fitherbly have been at war with the Fremmelians, who live up on yonder mountain." The old woman then pointed to Mount Shtarko which dominated the horizon like a huge tree trunk in a barren field. "And for hundreds of years, both kingdoms have lived in poverty and ignorance. The men fight on the battlefields every day, and so our fields have to be tilled by women, old men, and young boys. We are taxed enormously to maintain the army, and the danger of famine is always over our heads. So our illustrious king, Clyde of Fitherbly, is now embarking on an all-out effort to end the war. His advisors, the wisest men in the kingdom, except for the generals, have not been able to find a solution, so King Clyde is now offering one third of his kingdom and his daughter's hand in marriage to the man who can tell him how to end the war."

"But the answer is obvious," said Plonk. "Since the war is weakening both kingdoms, I'm sure both of you want to stop fighting. So why don't you just make a treaty or agreement to lay down your arms?"

"Oh, that would never work. You just

can't trust those sneaky Frammelians. And even if we did offer to make a treaty with them, King Ratfink, the ruler of Fremmelania, would never trust us."

"Oh, I see."

"So you'll have to come up with something better than that if you want to win the prize. And if you do, you should see the king immediately. His palace is about two miles down the road."

"Thank you, Old Woman," said Plonk, tossing her some baigel money. "Perhaps I shall find my fortune sooner than I thought."

By the time D. Terence Plonk reached the courtyard of the palace, he had found the solution. He approached a puny little soldier who was standing guard before a set of huge wooden doors.

"Oh Puny Little Palace Guard," said Plonk, "take me to the king immediately. I have arrived to collect my fortune, for I have found the solution to the problem, and there will never be any more wars."

Then the puny little palace guard led Plonk through a series of dusty corridors to a large carpeted room with a gilded throne at the end. On the throne sat a thin, angular man with clumps of prematurely grey hair protruding from underneath his crown. Around the throne buzzed the king's advisors, old men in old robes, whose beards were almost as long as their faces.

The puny little palace guard banged the bottom of his lance on the floor and announced in the most imposing manner that he could manage, "Your Majesty, a stranger has arrived who says he found a solution to the problem."

"Well, you might as well let him come forth. He can't do any worse than these old fools."

"Your Majesty," said Plonk stepping forward, "my name is D. Terrence Plonk, and I would like to tell you how you can put an end to war forever."

Just then a blonde damsel, followed by a train of attendants, entered the throne room. Plonk was thunderstruck; never had he seen a girl so beautiful. His heart beat madly against his side, and the wax in his ears melted.

"You seem to have noticed my daughter," said King Clyde. "Let me

introduce her to you. D. Terence Plonk, this is Princess Libby Doe."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance," said Plonk, walking over to her and kissing her hand.

"You understand," said the king, "that if your plan succeeds, you will receive one third of my kingdom and my daughter's hand in marriage . . . along with the rest of her, of course."

"For that, I would move mountains. In fact, that is more or less what I plan to do. Your Majesty, all you have to do is withdraw your army from the battlefield and assemble your men at the foot of Mount Shtarko. Equip them with picks and shovels, and order them to start digging away at the base of the mountain."

"So what good does that do?" said the king. "Our manpower is still wasted either way, in digging or in fighting. What's the difference? If we're going to waste men, fighting is as good as anything."

"Well, if Your Majesty would be so kind as to hear me out, I will explain. According to my estimate, if your army begins digging now, in two years they will have dug enough out of the mountain so that it will be in unstable equilibrium, and could be toppled over by the slightest disturbance. Now tell me, would King Ratfink dare to send his troops into battle against you if he knew that you could destroy his entire kingdom with a good strong push? Of course not. He will be forced to lay down his arms forever and eternal peace will be insured for . . ."

Suddenly a large bird flew in through an open window. It looked like a cross between an eagle and a bulldog, and made horrible croaking noises. Everybody in the palace became terrified. Then one of the king's personal guards aimed his crossbow, and shot the creature. The bird landed near Plonk and went through the floor, making a wide hole through which could be heard one last croak.

"What," said Plonk, "is that?"

"That stranger," said the king, "is a whimph bird, a species peculiar to Fitherbly and Fremmelania. You'd better watch out that one doesn't land on your head. Even though they don't look it, they weigh about a ton apiece. They're big eaters."

"Oh. Well, anyway, as I was saying, my idea of peace through preparedness will banish war forever from your kingdom."

After Plonk had spoken, the king's advisors went into a huddle, and whispered excitedly for a moment. Then the oldest advisor approached the throne and whispered into the king's ear. The king then rose to his full height and proclaimed, "My advisers and I think that your idea is worth a try. The digging will begin tomorrow, and at the end of two years, if lasting peace is insured, you will marry my daughter and receive one third of my kingdom."

And so it was that ten thousand men began to dig away at the base of Mount Shtarko. They dug and they dug, and they dug, relentlessly tearing away at the side of the huge mountain. And when the dirt they dug out was piled too high, they simply dug a hole and buried it.

One day, almost two years after the work had started, King Clyde and his court were taking one of their inspection tours of the digging. Behind the king marched his advisors, and behind the advisors walked D. Terence Plonk and Princess Libby Doe, hand in hand.

"The thing that puzzles me," said King Clyde turning around to his advisors, "is why we haven't seen much of the Fremmelians lately. As soon as we withdrew our troops from the battlefield, they have stayed out of our way. Surely King Ratfink must have seen what we are doing. Why hasn't he tried to thwart our plans?"

"I don't know, Your Majesty," said one of the advisors, "but here comes King Ratfink now."

And everybody turned his eyes to a pudgy little man with an oversized crown being carried down the mountain side on a litter powered by four soldiers in black uniforms.

"Hail, Clyde," said King Ratfink, stepping out of his litter.

"Hail, Ratfink," said King Clyde. "Why are we honored by your presence?"

"Oh, I just came down to congratulate you on your work."

"Well, thank you. Glad to see you're taking it so lightly."

"Oh, yes," said King Ratfink, "we're delighted about the whole thing. Because just where do you expect our mountain to fall, you old fool? It'll fall right on your own kingdom, that's where! So we Fremmelians aren't too worried about being toppled over, because you would smash yourselves to pieces also. And if you try to attack us, we'll all lean in the same direction, and we will bury you!"

This statement was followed by a volley of gasps from the Fitherbleans. The king's advisors looked at each other in consternation, and the king himself was evidently shaken. Then D. Terence Plonk let go of Princess Libby Doe's hand and jumped on a nearby tree stump.

"Inhabitants of Fitherbly," he shouted over the crowd's murmuring, "do not worry. This is even better than I planned. You see, right now both Fremmelania and Fitherbly are faced with two alternatives: either live together in peace or bring complete destruction on both kingdoms. Obviously the former course will always be chosen, so eternal peace is insured."

Then the general of the Fitherblean army, marched up to the king, saluted him, and said, "Your Majesty, I am proud to announce that the digging is completed. Mount Shtarko can be pushed over by a handful of men."

"Let us rejoice," shouted Plonk from the tree stump. "We have said goodbye to war for forever."

Then everybody broke out in wild cheering. Plonk embraced Libby Doe, who would soon be his wife. King Clyde embraced King Ratfink, and the women of Fitherbly embraced their soiled husbands, who would never have to touch another shovel or cross-bow again.

Suddenly a shadow fell on the periphery of the crowd and slowly moved over the middle, bringing a wave of silence with it as the people stopped dancing and cheering to look up at the sky. There, very deliberately, a fat whimpah bird was approaching Mount Shtarko. Everybody held his breath as the bird circled the summit of the mountain. Then it swooped down to alight.

And this, children, is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimpah.

THE PAINTED CLOWN

A Tragicomedy in one Act

by

Richard Wizansky '63

CHARACTERS:

1st Judge	Painted Clown
2nd Judge	Offstage Voice
3rd Judge	Questioner
	The Accused



Before the curtain rises, the sound of drums is heard beating out a military march; the drums cease as the curtain rises on a pitch black stage. The amplified tick of a clock is heard and stops immediately as the lights go on dimly.

There is a long table on a raised platform. Three judges clothed in black sit behind it. In front of the table and judges a transparent drape hangs from above so as to blur judges and table from the audience. On stage, in front of judges, his back towards the audience, a tall man stands perfectly still throughout the play. On the same level as the man—to the right of the judges—a painted clown sits. He wears the usual clown suit.

1st Judge: You have been found guilty as charged.

2nd & 3rd Judges (Simultaneously):
Guilty as charged.

Clown: (Lets his head hang down. Laughs loudly and roaringly.)

(Most of the dialogue from this point on is in a singing, Ed Wynnish manner.)

1st Judge: Tomorrow, at the rising of the sun you will be hanged by the neck until dead. From there

your body shall be taken to the new crematorium.

3rd Judge: Yes, yes! To the new crematorium, the new crematorium! Hanged by the neck for the new crematorium! Oh this is wonderful, simply wonderful! The new crematorium; hanged by the neck for the new crematorium!

Offstage Voice (Booming.): From ashes to ashes and from dust to dust.

Clown: (Laughs. Stares at judges.)

1st Judge (Clearing throat.): Yes, no-no-no! It's all wrong, all wrong. At the stake! Burn him at the stake!

3rd Judge: With an axe. He killed her with an axe. An axe; he killed her with an axe.

2nd Judge: Yes, an axe, an axe! We'll kill him with an axe!

3rd Judge: At the stake! At the stake. We'll burn him at the stake!

2nd Judge: An axe! An axe!

1st Judge: Order. Order please. This is a court of justice, justice.

Offstage Voice: And the just shall inherit the earth.

Clown: (Laughs.)

3rd Judge: He's right by God. He's right. An eye for an eye. Yes, now I can see. Justice must be done. The guilty shall pay for

their sins. Yes. Oh, how wonderful! Justice shall be done!

1st Judge: Shall we continue with the proceedings? Due process of the law. Do you hear?

2nd & 3rd Judges (Together): But, of course!

1st Judge: Good. That's good. Now, since we have found him guilty...

2nd Judge: As charged.

1st Judge: Oh yes, as charged. Since we have found him guilty as charged, we must do something else.

2nd Judge: Yes, yes. But what? What is it that we must do now? Oh, goodness! (Crying.) I've forgotten my wishing bone. I can't do anything without my wishing bone.

3rd Judge: Now, now, we must get on. There are things to be done. But what? What **do** we do now,

1st Judge: The sentencing, the sentencing.

2nd & 3rd Judges (Together): Yes, the sentencing. Now's the time.

Offstage Voice: In the beginning...

Clown: (Points at man. Laughs.)

1st Judge: Yes, in the beginning it was time for sentencing. No, no, that's not how it went. It's time for the sentencing **now**.

2nd Judge: Sentencing? Sentencing? Whose sentencing? Sentencing? Questioning? I want my wishing bone. I can't do anything (Crying again.) without my wishing bone. It was my father's and his father's before him. Oh, it was an heirloom, a genuine heirloom!

Offstage Voice: Yeah, though I walk...

Clown: (Laughs.)

1st Judge: Oh, this must stop.

2nd Judge: Yes, it must stop. He said it must stop. The sentencing, we've forgotten the sentencing.

1st Judge: If you'd shut up I'd have said that. Now (Clears his throat) yes, let's see... mmm... yes. Well... hmm... yes; there is always, always a sentencing, so naturally there must be a questioning.

2nd Judge: Yes, a questioning. Oh, goodness! We forgot the questioning. (Calling) Questioner! Questioner!

(Questioner enters stage right. He is also clothed in black like the judges except that he wears a black hood over his head.)

1st Judge: Questioner, you must question the accused. How is he to be sentenced if he hasn't been questioned?

Questioner: Yes, questions. The questioner must ask the questions.

1st Judge: Well, go on. Go on.

2nd Judge: Yes, go on. Ask them.

Questioner: Who?

3rd Judge: The questions, fool.

Questioner: Oh yes, the questions. To who...

1st Judge: Whom!

Questioner: Yes, to **whom** do I ask them?

2nd Judge: What?

Questioner: The questions

2nd Judge: Oh! Well, you ask them to... to... (Hesitates)

1st Judge: To the accused! Fools! The questions are to be asked to the accused.

Offstage Voice: And it came to pass...

Clown: (Laughs.)

3rd Judge: Yes, you fool. You ask them to the accused.

Questioner: Yes, to the accused.

3rd Judge: Well?

Questioner: But I don't know any questions.

1st Judge: You are the questioner, aren't you?

Questioner: Yes, that's what they told me.

1st Judge: Who told you?

Questioner: They.

1st Judge: Well, who are they?

Questioner: People.

1st Judge: What people?

Questioner: The people who run and play and work and drive cars and kill and steal and shoot crap in the basement.

2nd Judge: People? What people?

Questioner: The kind I just told you about.

2nd Judge: Well, when did they tell you that you were the questioner?

Questioner: Oh, years ago. Years ago.

3rd Judge (Exasperated.): How many years ago?

Questioner: Many.

3rd Judge: How many?

Questioner (Ashamedly.): I don't remember.

3rd Judge (Sarcastically.): He doesn't remember.

1st Judge: Gentlemen, gentlemen. This will never do. It just will never do. We must get down to brass tacks.

2nd Judge: Tacks? Tacks? I used to play with tacks before I had my wishing bone. Oh, where **is** that wish-bone?

Offstage Voice: Let there be light . . .
Clown: (Laughs)

2nd Judge: Yes, light, light. If only there were more light, maybe I could find my wishing bone.

1st Judge: Shut up!

3rd Judge: Yes, shut up!

2nd Judge: I will. I will. Yes, I will.

1st Judge: Well, it's about time. Yes, about time.

3rd Judge: Yes sir, about time.

1st Judge: Can we continue now please, gentlemen? Now Questioner, look. We cannot sentence until we question.

2nd Judge: Yes, question before sentence.

3rd Judge: I thought you were shutting up.

2nd Judge: Oh, I am. I am.

1st Judge: And it's your duty, duty mind you, duty—obligation—duty to question.

Questioner: I agree!

2nd Judge: He agrees!

3rd Judge: Ah, huh! That's what I call shutting up.

1st Judge: All right, Questioner, question!

Questioner: Yes, well, hmm . . . Let me see . . .

(Questioner turns toward the accused and addresses him.)

You . . . man . . . mister! (Looks at Judge.) How do I call him?

1st Judge: By his name, fool.

Questioner: Oh yes, by his name. Well then—Yes . . . well, what is his name?

1st Judge: His name? His name is . . . What **is** his name?

2nd Judge: Yes, his name is . . . Let me see . . . They used to call him Death, or was it Life? I don't remember—either of the two. What difference does it make?

3rd Judge: No, no. You're thinking of the one before him, remember?

2nd Judge: No. (Quickly.) Yes, yes, I do remember. You're right. For once he's right. It **was** the one before this one.

3rd Judge: So, you see, I am right. And I know this one's name too. It's . . . it's . . .

1st Judge: Well?

3rd Judge: It's . . .

2nd Judge: Yes?

3rd Judge: I don't remember.

2nd Judge: I told you he was stupid. (Sticks his tongue out at third judge.)

1st Judge: Now boys, please. Let's have no more nonsense. Since no one knows his name we'll call him . . . we'll call him "Accused". Now, Questioner, continue with your questions so we can sentence, and call the accused "Accused".

Questioner: Fine, beautiful! Now I have something to call the accused. (Again he turns towards the accused and directs his speech at him.) "Accused". (No answer.) "Accused". (Still no answer. Questioner turns to the judges again.) See, that's not his name. It couldn't be his name. He won't answer. (Turns to accused.) "Accused". See, (To the judge.) that's not his name at all. (At this point in the play the clown moves around a bit in his chair.)

Oh, how can I question anyone if I don't know his name?

2nd Judge: He's right. How can he question anyone if he doesn't know his name? If I had my wishing bone here or even my tacks, I'd find out his name. You bet I would.

1st Judge: Now, now, this is taking us nowhere, nowhere at all. Questioner, do something.

Questioner: What?

1st Judge: Ask him his name.

The questioner turns to the accused. As he does this, the clown stands up and very mechanically turns toward the accused and shoots him with a gun which he has in his hand. The accused falls to the floor; the lights go out. There are a few final ticks of the clock.

Curtain

BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOL



VOLUME IV

MARCH-APRIL, 1963

NUMBER 71

SCHOOL COMMITTEE ALLOCATES FUNDS FOR IMPROVEMENT OF GIRL'S HIGH SCHOOL

The Boston School Committee recently allocated funds for the improvement of the Beremiah E. Jurke High School building. A spokesman for the School Committee explained that a cleaner, more modern, brighter building creates a better atmosphere for learning and that it is the obligation of all citizens to make sure that our school buildings are kept in the same fine condition that they are in now.

"So it is in keeping with this philosophy," he added, "that the School Committee generously appropriates this money. This is but one indication of the fine work our School Committee is doing in maintaining better thinking conditions for the leaders of tomorrow."

Approximately half of the funds have already been spent to replace two lightbulbs in the second floor wash-room.

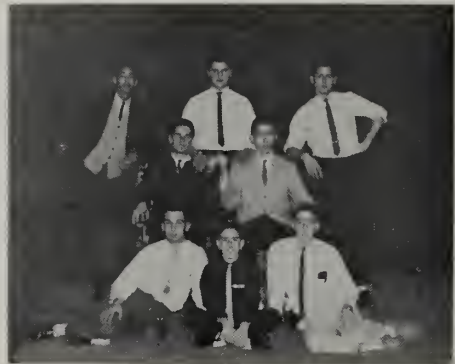
PUPIL ACCIDENT INSURANCE

The Pupil Accident Insurance Policy Program conducted by the Badlands Insurance Agency, Inc. Company, has been approved, and is now available to all students in the Boston Public Schools.

Under the plan, a pupil is insured from the time he leaves home in the morning to the time he arrives home from school. This policy, of course, does not cover those pupils engaged in contact sports (hockey, football, chess, etc.). Nor does it protect the pupil while he is riding a bicycle, eating the hot lunch on Thursdays, flunking two subjects, or writing editorials for the **Register**.

DORCHESTER HIGH TIDDLY-WINKS TEAM TO BE SENT TO HOBOKEN

The Dorchester High School tiddly-winks team, champions of the Boston conference, will compete in the U.S. Open Tiddlywinks Tournament in Hoboken, New Jersey, this spring. The trip is being financed by the sale of booster buttons reading "DOT TO HOBOKEN". Outstanding members of the team shown in the picture below are "Flip" Mizooner, "Fingers" Trembleux, and "Snap" Garangio. If these nimble-fingered competitors are victorious, a collection may be taken up for the return trip.



FIRE SAFETY CONTEST WINNERS

Fire Commissioner Y. Scallopini awarded prizes to sixth-grade students for the best essays on "When Fire Strikes—The Plan of Escape from My Home". The winners were Lamont Cranston, Howsa Finch, and Rudy Fremmel. On the danger list are "Ashes" Yugata, Crispy Hogg, and Aaron Burr.

FORUM AT TRADE SCHOOL

An interesting forum is scheduled for the students of Boston Trade School on May 17, 1963. The topic will be "Disarmament in the Boston Public Schools", and the main speaker will be Horace Unzué. Of course the **BPS WE VIEW** will not violate its editorial policy of printing a straight-forward, humorless, inconsequential publication by mentioning the fact that the students may be either against um or for um.

ENGLISH HIGH BOY SETS RECORD

Fred Glompintz, second tackle for the English High School football team, set a new record recently. On November 22, 1962, this strong-backed, weak-minded lad splattered 23 cans of blue paint on the facade of Boston Latin School. This effort surpassed the old record of 21 cans set by S. Q. Phlomp on November 21, 1932.



PAY HIKE FOR JANITORS

Beginning next September, the janitors of the Boston Public Schools will receive a twenty per cent wage increase. This measure was taken when the Boston School Committee and the mayor discovered that several of our janitors were being attracted to Newton and other suburban school systems because of higher salaries. But thanks to the far-sightedness of city officials, this situation is now being corrected.

TEACHER SALARY PROGRAM

The 1962-63 teacher salary schedule approved by the School Committee's Committee on Teacher Salary Schedules for 1962-63, shows several changes over the teacher salary schedule for 1961-62.

The salary for teachers with an A.B. remained at the \$4745 minimum, but if the hypothetical betterment of the increase of the means are less, consult amendment 352 of the 1952 schedule. For teachers with an A.M., the maximum may be reached in eleven steps, as in the case of those with degrees in Racous Diatribation.

JAMAICA PLAIN HIGH CITED FOR COMMUNITY AWARENESS PROGRAM

The students of Jamaica Plain High School were cited by the Civic Education Department of the Massachusetts Bureau of Awareness for their community service accomplishment. Each year the Department gives recognition to high schools whose voluntary student activities indicate that the school is conscious of its community.

Jamaica Plain High School has repeatedly proven that it is sure a community exists around it. As the Headmaster points out, "Many of the students are aware of its existence, and some of the slower ones are rapidly realizing the fact."



BLS REGISTER WINS AWARD

The Boston Latin School **Register** was awarded a plaque for the Best Page Numbering of 1963 by the New England Scholastic Press Association. Unfortunately, no **Register** staff member could be found to receive the award, because the whole staff was expelled by the School Committee for a satirical article in the Spring Issue of the **Register**.

ONCE UPON A TIMELOCK

Robert Mulholland '64

"**T**HAT KID! The door! Watch out! Somebody grab it!"

But the frantic lunge of the guard was of no help as several tons of smothering steel slammed resoundingly behind its prisoner.

The tall blond-haired man at the desk turned his head, glanced around quickly, and suddenly started running towards the vault, his shoes clicking on the marble floor of the bank. He yelled, "My daughter, she's in the safe!"

At that same time, Mr. McCutchen, our president at Jefferson Savings, who had originally raised the call, was feverishly working at the thick steel door trying in vain to pry it open before the time lock set automatically. As he heard the sealing click of the locking gears, he turned to the guard with a denunciatory expression.

"Why was this post left unwatched?" he panted.

As the guard stuttered and stammered over an explanation, I decided I had better speak up or he would probably lose his job.

"I'm afraid that was my fault. I called him over to my desk to help me lift some heavy ledgers."

"Don't stand there arguing over whose fault it is!" the blond man sputtered. "Get her out of there!"

"Mr. — Uh . . ."

"Dawson," was the impatient reply.

"Mr. Dawson," McCutchen continued, "That vault is on a time lock basis; it **cannot** be opened before nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

Dawson didn't say anything at first. Just stared. When he did speak, it was to weakly murmur, "But she'll suffocate."

McCutchen however didn't hear this last remark for he was already issuing a babble of orders, one of which was

to call the Prentis Safe Company. This order fell to me, and I knew enough from past experience to ask for Mr. Richard Kinson, a retired safe cracker and one of the best men in his field.

He'd be there in five minutes.

When I returned I found McCutchen uselessly tapping on the door with a heavy brass paper weight. A short patrolman wearing a uniform two sizes too large for him was pushing his way through the fast-growing crowd of on-lookers gathered around the safe which lay on the far wall, almost directly opposite the main entrance.

Dawson was talking with a couple of reporters near one of the teller's cages, and, following McCutchen's orders, I started across to ask him if there was any way of locating the girl's mother. At that moment, however, the familiar white panel-truck labeled R.J. Prentis Safe Company rolled up, and a middle aged man in a blue and white checked sport coat hurried into the bank.

By this time the policemen had cleared out the building, and pulled the shades in an effort to make the crowd outside disperse. The only people left inside were the bank personnel, a few reporters, three policemen, and the workmen from Prentis Safe.

Mr. Kinson at once asked for the blueprints of the vault, and there was some slight embarrassment as McCutchen explained that the only secure place in which to store them was in the vault. This didn't phase Mr. Kinson at all as he was sure he could obtain the necessary information from the officials of Prentis as soon as they should arrive.

And that he did. Almost before they had walked through the door, they were swept into the president's office.

The result of this meeting was the

announcement that, as feared, we would have to dig our way into the vault. The lock on the door was, of course, pick-proof. It could not be blasted open because the exposed gears on the inside would fly all over, and have the effect of shrapnel should they hit the little girl. To blast the walls of the safe was out of the question since that would almost surely cause the ceiling to collapse.

Therefore it was unanimously decided that the only way in was to dig, starting just to the left of the door, going five feet to get past the impenetrable steel casement, and then turning right and coming in just where the steel covering ended. This process would probably take some three and a half hours. According to the doctor, the little girl would have a fairly good chance of lasting that long.

One thing I must say for Mr. Kinson, he wasted no time in getting things organized and under way. He enlisted the help of the two bank guards and a policeman in carrying in the necessary equipment from the utility truck. In the meantime, he explained the hypothesis and solution of the rescue to the workmen.

The work began with pick axes, and it was apparent from the first swing that our little bank had a very burglar proof safe.

The little chinks made by the pick axes in the solid concrete raised the estimated time to five and a half hours. "Almost no chance for the little girl," the doctor reported.

But Kinson soon came up with a system whereby two men could work with pick axes and two could be weakening the wall with small jack hammers.

Two hours later, the tape measure read four feet, four inches. Several phone calls had not yet turned up the girl's mother. The hole had been made three and one half feet tall by three feet wide, just large enough for a man to crawl through. After the one foot mark, Kinson had started the men on a relay system whereby two of them worked at the wall while the other two stayed just behind them to clear the loose rocks from the tunnel. Fifteen minutes later, they were six inches closer to her. At that time, both the policemen and the two guards had doffed their cumbersome equipment,

holsters and the like, and were engaged wholeheartedly in the rather difficult task of clearing the makeshift tunnel of debris to allow for the quickest and easiest exit once they should reach her. The front workman shouted that they were ready to turn right and chop away the remaining six inches of wall between the little girl and fresh air.

Mr. McCutchen was just outside of his office talking with the doctor, and it seemed to me that he had aged about ten years in the last few hours.

Dawson was just sitting straight up in a desk chair facing the vault door. He seemed to be glaring at it, somehow blaming it because his little girl had found it slightly ajar and had pulled it shut behind her.

Just then there was a cry from the tunnel. They'd broken through.

Immediately Kinson rushed to the tunnel entrance and instructed the men to quickly make a hole the size of the tunnel and then to come out. They were not to enter the vault under any circumstances. This was done, and about five minutes later the workers scrambled out to allow Mr. Kinson room to enter. As Kinson made his way through, Dawson knelt at the entrance but did not follow.

What a sight it was just forty-five seconds later!

Guards and police alike groping fruitlessly for guns laid aside in the heat of their work, while Dawson deftly appropriated the weapons before they could retrieve them. Kinson backed out of the tunnel first, the thirty-eight caliber revolver in his hand looking all the more menacing in its arrogance. And right behind him, the worst, or should I say the best, sight of all was that of John C. McGrevonius or as the underworld calls him, "Little John," looking rather silly in that frilly dress as he crawled laboriously out of the tunnel entrance.

But there was nothing silly about the automatic pistol which he carried, nor, I might add, about that shopping bag full of money.

By the way, their escape was perfect too. So all \$500,000 was split evenly between four happy hoodlums that night. Yes, there were four: Kinson, Dawson, "Little John", and . . . well, somebody had to get the guard away from the vault door to begin with.

THE GREAT RUMPYLLDARM EPIC

John Kearney '65



I

Four decades ago, or so,
In a Balkan nation, steeped with snow,
Conspirators met in the chill of gloaming,
While honest citizens were homing.
These intriguists were decent sorts,
But forced to apply extreme resorts.
Their object was, with fear instill
King Gregory, their bitter pill.
To wrest the crown from his bald head,
And place it on each his own, instead,
—They had in mind.

II

Their plots and plans they jotted down,
While guzzling schnapps of mushroom brown,
They needed standard cannon bolts,
And muskets, pikes, and army Colts.
So that, when meeting an usurer,
They begged and pleaded with the cur.
And, desperate for wherewithal,
Impatient for their monarch's fall,
They borrowed, for most pressing reasons,
Sufficient bank-notes for their treasons
— From a gross hind.

III

Tarnished sovereigns in their pockets,
 And attache cases stuffed with docketts,
 Insurgents roamed the rural roads,
 Stopped at mud-and-dung abodes.
 Their immediate objective was
 To enrol recruits for their worthy Cause.
 In haste, their skimpy bordereaux
 With leaps and bounds began to grow.
 They straightaway gained long lists of men —
 Primarily agrarian
 — In blood they 'd signed.

IV

One morn, the honest Gregory,
 With trusty guard — and snickersnee,
 Waddled to his verandah paling
 To heed a winter songbird's wailing.
 (An ornithologist was he:
 An Audubon of property.)
 Enraptured, did he listen to
 Each note the little beggar blew.
 After which, he took a ride,
 Not dreaming of a regicide
 — From cares resigned.

V

The royal carriage passed the wicket.
 His Mightiness sat, videlicet:
 His gauntlets on the velvet seat,
 A footstool underneath his feet,
 His bulbed proboscis peeping out
 Of mufflers coiled on his surtout,
 A comforter tucked all about him,
 And, lest anyone should doubt him,
 His flaccid digits braced with stones:
 A choice vulgarity of drones
 — All of a kind.

VI

Thus the entourage proceeds:
 Well-matched studs in steady leads,
 Tombstone faces on the guards,
 Snarls on the coach's gilt le-o-pards,
 Calm and dignity to spare
 From skittish colt to sober mare.
 Then on reaching Grubbnikk Park,
 Comes the catastrophic cark!
 A bomb is hurled, with deadly aim,
 Poor Gregory to kill or maim!
 — Gads! What a bind!

VII

But what a miracle occurred
For the monarch of the Sacred Word!
A monstrous tureen he 'd had placed
(The crystal, with the silver, chased)
In a compartment of his car,
In case he 'd feel his stomach jar.
And, as he of the calming broth partook,
Cursing his pyromaniac cook,
The powder-missile fell, with skid,
Into the fusible liquid.

— What splasing rind!

VIII

Wiping soup from jowls and chins,
Gregory reviews his many sins.
Appointing some the wretch to catch,
He returns to the Palace, under latch.
No one can his doubts dispel,
As he plunges to an Earthly Hell.
Why should he, the Happy Fated,
By bomb be assassinated?
He taxed his people just ninety percent.
(Oh! What a most obliging gent!)

— That thoughtful grind!

IX

The night wears on in heinous fears,
As each of his fingernails disappears.
A torch procession lines the streets —
The revolutionists in sheets.
With battle-axe and cowhide drum,
The dawn of Anarchy is come.
The city arsenal 's surrendered,
As wide-spread rebellion is engendered.
A vessel waits His Majesty,
Who toddles down the oaken quay

— His face deep lined.

X

At the postern, as though in ancient frieze,
Stand his staunch guards, like ever-stalwart trees.
Cannonaded from all quarters
Are the chasseurs-swordsmen-porters.
They readily bleed for Monarchy
Personified in Gregory.
They know him to be strong and true, the Pilliar of the Nation;
They recognise his virtue as godly segregation.
They pine for their brave master, as they perish, unaneled,
And wonder why he leads them not, as their noble blood's congealed
— Death's wounds are brined.

XI

Meanwhile, in his marble house,
 Undisturbed by bat or mouse,
 His courtiers are milling round
 Like insects ripped from underground.
 With gloomy brow and aspect drear,
 They sack through chest and chiffonier,
 Unaware His Majesty
 Has made off with the treasury.
 Suddenly, with drunken roar,
 The mob bursts in both sash and door
 — From vodka, blind.

XII

Let us quit the roustabouts,
 Who seek with hue and cry,
 The porcine monarch, who is
 No more there than you or I.
 King Gregory leaves his Palace staff
 In the victors' capable hands.
 He leaves them to spikes, and lead to quaff,
 And to cringe from burning brands.
 Watch for G. at casino or spa,
 Consoling himself with caviar,
 — On truffles, dined.

A fortnight past this innovation,
 A self-appointed delegation
 Ensconced itself in the ex-royal schloss,
 Surrounded by majestic dross.
 Its purist pensioners refused
 The liberties which G. 'd abused;
 And they were content to remain,
 Blasting a Bolshevik refrain.
 They quilled an Habeas Corpus writ,
 Draped infrequent wash from parapet,
 And freely doled out rights to voting
 For citizens infantine to doting.
 Then, in the midst of this great commune,
 Entereth Companion-boon.
 Behold the lickspittle usurer,
 Muffled up in mongrel fur.
 His manner metamorphosed,
 As the riot-scarred furniture he apprised.
 He turned to the dazed idealists,
 And shook at them his ink-stained fists.
 "What have you done to that Sevres vase, that Gobelin, that Chippendale?
 What have you done to that cuspidor, and that crumpled suit of mail?
 How shall I e'er recoup my grievous loss pecuniary? —
 Better I should shave my locks, and join a monastery!"
 They calmed the fitful broker, whose veins had nearly burst;
 And solemnly promised, that, in one month, he 'd be crowned Isaac I!



REVIEW

THE GREAT O'NEILL

THE STORY of Hugh (The Great) O'Neill, second Earl of Tyrone, is known to every Irishman. It was he who raised his banner against the English in 1595, and carried it for nine years in a war that cost Queen Elizabeth thousands of soldiers, millions of dollars, all of her temper and the ablest of her leaders. He defeated Bingham, Bagend and Brough, and sent Lord Essex running back to her with so disgraceful a record and such petty lamentations that she locked him in the tower and finally had him executed. O'Neill instilled a spirit of national unity among the Irish for the first time since the high kings had ruled at Tara centuries before. He beat the English colonists back to the coastal towns and was acclaimed in Europe as the greatest military genius of the time. Then in a single hour in the hills above Kinsale, on the morning of Christmas eve, he went down in defeat before Mountjoy and lost everything.

With such material any writer, particularly an Irish one, might be expected to become romantic and weave an intricate saga about such a hero. Sean O'Faolain, however, is too honest and too intelligent for that and much too fine an artist to be fooled by the gossamer veils which time has spun around this man and the century in which he lived. O'Faolain pierces this shroud with the scholar's traditional love for facts, searching through such records as the "Calendar of State Papers" and "The Annals of the Four Masters" until he reconstructs with startling reality the very sounds and fabric of the past. The biography then takes on a contemporary look, and the



actions of its protagonists once more come alive with human warmth and meaning.

Mr. O'Faolain makes no pretense of writing this book for the eye of the professional historian; his interests are those of the novelist and the short-story writer; his concern is to study human character, to interpret its meaning, and to thrust aside, if only for the space of some four hundred pages, the fog that surrounds one of Ireland's greatest heroes. The task requires, no doubt, almost the art of another Shakespeare — if he were Irish — yet Mr. O'Faolain succeeds admirably, and his clear-cut, highly sensitive portrait of the Earl of Tyrone is one for which any reader of biography should be thankful.

Ireland in the sixteenth century, the author points out, was England's "lebensraum". Of the country itself, the English knew almost nothing. Actually, Ireland was a feudal state. Each clan chief was the leader of a raiding band which preyed on weaker clans. The old civilization, which had reached its peak at Tara in the days of the Druids and Brehon Laws, was gone. Each chief still had his poet and his brehon, or lawgiver, but the poets were barren and the brehons mere pedagogues.

Against this savagely individualistic society came the English system of monarchy, a concept brought inland by freebooters and merchants. The two civilizations clashed.

Hugh O'Neill, born in Ulster in 1547, had to decide between these two ways of life. He was educated in England, but was fiercely loyal to Ireland. He chose Ireland, to his own and her glory, and England's discomfort.

It was not until the English had made him Earl of Tyrone, that he quietly, secretly, began to train his people in the use of firearms. He organized a militia, set himself to resolve differences between other clans, and made potential allies. Meanwhile as the English pushed on, establishing posts and forts, and the Irish raided and retreated, matters gradually approached a showdown.

When the English began exacting demands in return for the title which had been given him, O'Neill was ready. He had an army; he had allies, particularly the gallant and fiery Red Hugh O'Donnell. He fought well and successfully. England was frightened, then aghast, for by the year sixteen hundred

he ruled supreme, and the clans had rallied to him. By giving the Irish an idea to which they could cling as a unit—the idea of a counter-reformation, the oriflamme of Catholicism raised against the heretical flag of the reformation, O'Neill had suddenly become the symbol of a new idea, Irish nationalism.

Without this idea, O'Neill was no more than a great fighting man, fighting a losing war; he had neither a great cause nor a great hope. With it he obtained both and a promise of help from Spain's Philip II. The Spaniards landed, however, of all improbable places, at Kinsale on the southern tip of the island, as far away as they could possibly get from O'Neill. Mountjoy, the English general then opposing O'Neill's forces, gleefully went south and besieged Don Juan del Aquila. Reluctantly the Irish followed and in turn besieged Mountjoy. Then O'Neill made his mistake. He had the game in his hands and he threw it away. He decided to attack. The English won the battle. The war was lost. Red Hugh fled to Spain. O'Neill was chased back to the bogs of Ulster. He surrendered in 1603, a day before Elizabeth died.

He was pardoned, but his own people turned against him, and the English Overlords harried him. He went to Rome and died there, in exile, a pensioner of the Pope.

He was the father of Irish nationalism; of today's neutral Eire. That is the point which O'Faolain's careful scholarship and brilliant writing makes. How it came about is the core and heart of the book and the reason why **The Great O'Neill** is more than a biography.

— Peter Wittmann '63

A STREETCAR NAMED LATE

Better service every day,
That's what the MTA has to say,
But all we get is a longer wait,
And a higher, higher tax rate.
— George Cummings '64

EDITORIALS



EDITORIALS ?

THIS MONTH we are pleased to present the Register's Award for Intelligent and Courageous Journalism to Eleanor Roberts of the Boston Traveler for her crusade against the television reruns of the Three Stooges. In her cogent invective, "Down with the Stooges", she minces no words in exposing the antics of the slapstick comedians as vulgar brutalities corrupting the minds of our youth. In a follow-up article, she again points the finger of condemnation at the licentious buffoons by quoting a letter from a parent: "I am at a loss to understand how self-respecting parents . . . can tolerate the crude antics of the well-named Three Stooges. Furthermore, how can a TV station profess to be interested in the moral atmosphere of its viewers when it shows this sort of trash for children?" Let's all join hands with Miss Roberts, a parent, and the owners of competing television stations, and march down the straight highway of Wholesomeness, grabbing up all the children crawling by the wayside whose morals are being debased by watching three fat men throw pies at each other.

The only reason we mention these trivial articles is because this bit of foolishness is probably the closest thing we've seen lately to a newspaper crusade. Of course, the primary function of a newspaper is to report the news accurately, but the press should also be the vanguard of free thought and the instrument by which the average citizen is occasionally nudged from his thick aura of complacency. Since a newspaper has a better knowledge of what's happening in a city than any one person, it is more or less obligated to write meaningful, constructive editorials. But with all the real corruption and hypocrisy in this city, the Boston newspapers completely disregard their obligations, and stuff us with horoscopes, Hollywood gossip, and advice to the lovelorn. Rarely have we seen a word about the disgusting amount of illegal gambling, the special "favors" of politicians, or the shady dealings of large corporations. This inexcusable silence is not only due to the newspapers' pre-occupation with the trivial and inane, but also to vested interests and just plain cowardice.

The vague, rambling quagmires that are passed off as editorials take such controversial stands as "Boston business is booming", "Khrushchev is not to be trusted", and "The wheel is a useful invention." The writers of these pseudo-editorials are masters of the art of taking a bill or proposal and telling the pros and cons of it in five times as many words as necessary, while still not taking a stand of their own. Editorials like these not only signify nothing, but do not even have their share of sound and fury.

We suggest that instead of worrying about fat men throwing pies, the Boston newspapers should take a closer look at all the fat men with their fingers in the pie.

— Martin Bickman '63

THE BEAT GENERATION: A STUDY IN PATHOS

THE GIRL stepped on the small platform that served as a stage and sat down on the stool. She strummed the guitar slowly, her fingers moving across the strings at random, seemingly not caring what chords they struck. But behind her casual facade, the girl was working to create a mood in her audience, a mood of despair. The songs she sang were plaintive songs, songs of sadness, of unrequited love, of untimely death.

This mood was an integral part of the girl's act for two reasons. The first was a material one: upon the audience depended her livelihood. If they were not generous when the hat was passed, she might not eat tomorrow. Their generosity depended upon her success in creating the proper mood.

The second reason was neither as obvious nor as mercenary. The mood she sought to create was perhaps a reflection of her own existence, of the frustrations of her thus-far fruitless life.

The girl is an entertainer in an espresso house in Greenwich Village. Like almost all Village entertainers she receives no pay. The entertainers trade their talents for a chance to show what they can do, all the coffee they can drink, and whatever they can collect from customers.

These young men and women who spend their nights entertaining for nothing in coffee houses, and their days entertaining for nothing in the streets, lead a unique existence. They are the people made famous by the newspapers as the vanguard of the beat generation. Yet they themselves deny the existence of a "beat movement" or a "beat generation," saying that these things are the creations of overeager newspaper editors. They stress that they are not "beatniks" or, as contemporary novels so often insist on calling them, "protest cats." The vast majority of them are members of a unique society: that of the creative artist who has negligible creative talents.

The seats of this society — Greenwich Village, the "beatnik quarters" of San Francisco, Chicago, Los Angeles — are havens for lost souls. To them flock young people who have been denied access to the ranks of the gifted, but refuse to accept this denial. Living on illusions, and nearly nothing else, they strive to prove to a cynical world that they have great talent or ability. The most pitiable aspect of their striving is that it is doomed to failure. They have neither talent nor the depth to realize that they have no talent. They have only the vain hope that someday the world will realize its error and hail them for the geniuses they think they are.

Eventually, most of these people realize that they, not the world, are in error. They return to normal walks of life and reconcile themselves to the fact that they will never be immortals. Most of them are better for their experience and have profited by it.

There are a few, however, who are failures even at being failures. Realizing their lack of talent, they cannot acknowledge it to themselves. They devote their lives to one purpose: trying to keep the world from finding out what **they** have found out.

These people do not realize that in trying to cover up their failure by becoming "beatniks" they are actually admitting that failure to a laughing world. For by embracing the principles of an imaginary society not even the product of their own imagination, they are freely acknowledging that they have seized on the first shield they could find to protect themselves from the darts of ridicule thrown by the "squares."

Thus, in trying to hide their initial failure, the "beatniks" have failed twice more: they have failed to cover up their failure, and they have failed to stop the world from ridiculing them. And in the laughter of the cynical world rings the pathos of the beat generation, for underlying the laughter, as a secondary chord, sounds the lament of life's futility.

— Phillip Rabinowitz '63

LORDS AND MASTERS



FRANK EDWARD SULLIVAN, a teacher of English in Room 222, attended Providence College, and Boston State Teacher's College, and served during the war as a radio operator in the Merchant Marine before coming to Boston Latin School. His interests are diverse, for he not only enjoys classical music, and the study of linguistics, but also works as a professional radio operator. He has been in charge of Declamation, advisor to the Debating Team, and instrumental in founding the Radio Club.

During the school year 1961-62, he was a teacher in Libya under a government-sponsored program. He went there to teach English at all levels to literate Arabs. This experience against the backdrop of the Arab World, afforded him first-hand information concerning the Peace Corps and the work of the United Nations in foreign countries. He believes that the United States is making a tremendous financial and cultural effort in order to unite the Western world, and it now surpasses Great Britain in assisting and developing newly formed republics. He highly praises the Peace Corps' work

of "uplifting, by getting underneath", and earnestly encourages young people to join this organization.

In his association with the Arabs, he came to recognize the need for a universal language. He realizes you cannot trust a person if you do not understand what he is saying and suggests that the United Nations form a committee to develop such a language, considering it would be the greatest contribution to world understanding and peace.

This discussion of languages led to a question concerning the new dictionary. Mr. Sullivan was shocked at the complete change in the policy of Webster's New International Dictionary, which has accepted and endorsed many slang and colloquial expressions as proper usage. He puts the question: "Is the dictionary a mere index to prevailing speech habits, or an arbiter of proper speech and diction?" He compares the dictionary to a book of etiquette. Should the latter reflect the way things are most commonly done, or should it state the way they should be done? It seems the dictionary is forced to change at the whim of one hundred ninety million people. Perhaps a glossary of much abused terms in the English language should be added to present dictionaries. A language should be slow to change because some words have a certain social odium.

In closing, Mr. Sullivan also expressed strong views in regard to education. "Teaching is only a means to an end. The pupil should not depend upon the teacher to learn for him. Boys must realize that self-education is essential." He considered the fact that teaching machines may someday replace teachers in areas of constant drill, such as in vocabulary work, grammatical rules, and sentence structure. But that qualified teachers be sought to develop and explain proper composition and diction is essential.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST

THROUGH the efforts of Peter Kenney and Barry Portnoy, the Latin School Debating Club has organized the Greater Boston Debating League. Eleven schools participate in the program, and the schedule is running very smoothly. So far, Latin has a winning record.

This year, the Dramatics Club will present "The Gentleman from Athens." The play, directed by Mr. Mark Russo, will be presented in May, and promises to be even better than their former wonderful productions.

In early February, BLS students Chuck Harris, Eddie Jay, and Barry Portnoy took part in a roundtable discussion on capital punishment. The show was broadcast on radio by WMEX's Jerry Williams. After the general discussion, the boys answered phone calls from the listening audience. Four other Latin School boys, Richard Shore, Peter Madsen, Phillip Rabinowitz, and Paul Brennan, competed in a panel quiz competition with English High School for a pilot film for a possible television series patterned after the "College Bowl". Latin won, 13-12.

On Friday night, March 15, the National Honor Society staged its annual Spectacular. This year, under the fine direction of Mr. Jameson, the show was again a tremendous success. The proceeds will be used for scholarships announced at graduation.



The former Attorney-General of Massachusetts, Edward McCormack, was a guest of the Professional Club in January. He spoke freely to the boys about his senatorial campaign, politics in general, and his future plans. We are grateful to Mr. James Doherty and the Professional Club in bringing to the school not only Mr. McCormack, but also other interesting speakers.

Advanced history on the college level has been introduced into the curriculum, and the first courses will be given next year. Critics who think the Latin School curriculum is outdated should be made aware of the fact that, besides history, mathematics, physics, and chemistry can also be studied at the college level.

This is the last issue of the Register printed under the guidance of this year's seniors. The present editors would like to take this opportunity to thank the student body for their support and co-operation, and to express their confidence in the juniors and sophomores who will put out the final issue of the year.

SPORTS

HOCKEY

Latin vs. Technical

Latin opened the season with a fine showing against Tech. Play in the opening minutes was evenly divided, but on a pretty play, Mark Flynn rammed home a centering pass from Brian Doherty at 5:03. The rest of the period saw fine rushes by both teams and excellent goal-tending by Dick Newell.

The second period began with a quick one by Bob Walsh at 0:16 followed at 3:50 by John Dunn's marker. The rest of the game saw Ed Gottlieb, Mike Treska, and Dick Newell at their defensive best. The Technical attack was stymied until 7:50 when Cedorchuk scored from the blue line.

The game ended a well earned 3-1 victory for Latin.

Latin vs. Trade

After John Dunn scored at 3:48 of the first period, all the action was controlled by Latin. Alex Karys scored for the Purple at 2:48 of the second period to put the team two goals in front. Trade rallied in the third period, cutting Latin's lead to a single goal, but Dunn's second goal of the game insured the victory. Trade scored again, but Latin held on and the game ended in another victory, 3-2.

Latin vs. B.C. High

In the battle between the Big Two for first place, Latin started early when Brian Doherty scored at 0:08, with Mark Flynn assisting. Play centered in the B.C. end for the balance of the period, but the Maroon managed to tie the score at 3:50.

The second period saw the Eaglets pressing, but Latin's outstanding defense, led by Ed Gottlieb, once more came through.

Going into the third period with a tie score, Latin pressed hard and, in a scramble in front of the net, Alex Karys



scored at 2:40, assisted by John Dunn and Jerry Larvey. The Purple refused to let up, however, and Mark Flynn rammed in the third marker at 6:30. B.C. scored a harmless goal at 9:23 to make the final score 3-2.

Latin vs. Dorchester

Latin put the game out of Dot's reach in the first period. Bobby Walsh opened the scoring at 4:20 when he flipped home a rebound. Mark Flynn made it two for Latin at 8:58.

The second period saw no scoring. But in the third period, it was Flynn again, this time from Bobby Walsh at 5:40, making it 3-0. With Treska and Bowen both off for interference, Dot scored at 9:28, making the final score 3-1.

Latin vs. Technical

After a scoreless first period, Tech controlled the second period action but was thwarted by the outstanding defense of Ed Gottlieb, Mike Treska and Dick Newell. It was Latin at 8:12, how-

ever, as Jerry Larvey banged home the rebound of a Gottlieb shot.

In the third period, Tech, trying desperately to tie, pressed hard, but once more stopped, giving Latin the 1-0 victory.

Latin vs. English

Mark Flynn opened the scoring at 1:54 for Latin but English came back at 9:20 to tie the score. In the second period, English went ahead at 0:59 only to have Flynn come back again with the tying marker at 4:35.

English regained the lead at 0:17 of the third period but Latin stayed on the press and tied the game at 3-3 on Brian Doherty's goal.

Latin vs. B.C. High

Latin, after suffering a close defeat at the hands of Tech, and beating Trade for the third time, found themselves in a battle for the City Title with B.C. High. The largest crowd of the season saw the big game.

The first period was evenly balanced as numerous rushes by both teams were stopped. Dick Newell was again tremendous in the Latin nets, as was his B.C. High counterpart, Tony Fulchino.

Bob Walsh poked a rolling puck in at 0:40 of the second to put Latin out in front 1-0.

The highlight of the game came in the third period, when, with Gottlieb and Potter out for penalties, "Quahog"

Quinn, Mike Treska and Mark Flynn kept the Eaglets from getting a single shot off on Newell. The game ended a narrow 1-0 victory for the Purple.

Latin vs. English

In the final game of the season, Latin routed English by the lopsided score of 6-0. First period tallies were scored by Walsh at 6:06, and Gottlieb at 7:53. Treska scored a goal at 1:15 of the second period, while Gottlieb hit again at 3:24. Gottlieb scored Latin's sixth and made his hat trick at 4:50 of the third. And so, the regular hockey season closed with a tremendously talented Latin team repeating as City Champs.

Latin vs. Arlington

Latin, having earned the right to compete in the State Hockey Tourney by its superb 11-2-1 record, met Arlington, the GBI co-champs, in the most exciting contest of the year.

At the end of regulation time, the score stood at a 1-1 deadlock. Two sudden death overtimes were played. In the second overtime period, Latin appeared to have won the game when a shot by Bobby Walsh was seemingly tipped in by Mike Treska. However, neither the goal judge nor the referee saw it and the goal, apparent to all in McHugh Forum was not allowed.

The game was continued at the Arena the next day, and Arlington won with two quick goals which both the goal judge and the referee saw.

SWIMMING

The swimming team not only had a successful season this year, but also showed great promise for coming years because of the preponderance of outstanding lower classmen. Facing tough competition, Latin defeated such teams as Cambridge Latin (57-38), Exeter Academy (55-40), Tufts Freshmen (52-42), and M.I.T. Freshmen (49-46).

Bob Spry, a sophomore, was a consistent scorer in the 200 yard individual medley. Jim Reid, another sophomore, was formidable in the distance events and made probably the greatest individual improvement on the squad. Two more sophomores, Ford and Sullivan,

scored frequently in the 100 yard free-style and breaststroke, respectively. Freshman Ambrose is one of the most promising butterfly swimmers in local competition. Our diving points were amassed by two other lower classmen, Mike Donahue (freshman) and George Baldner (sophomore). Seniors Steve Levy, Mike Marion, and co-captain Stan Rothenberg also scored consistently all winter.

Thanks are extended to Coach Powers, whose unselfish effort, combined with the boys' determination and ability, made Latin again the top man on the totem pool.

BASKETBALL

This year's basketball squad, picked by most to finish last, repeatedly upset the City League standings with its "spoiler" victories. Teams such as first-place Trade and second-place Tech had great height advantages over Latin, but our skillful ball-handling, play-making, and constant teamwork enabled us to end the season with a respectable 6-8 record.

Latin vs. Dorchester

Latin found Dot their easiest opponent this season as they took all three encounters.

In the first game, Dot got a fast start and led 35-21 at the half. But Latin, using an effective press, caught fire in the second half, outscoring Dot 30-8 for the last 16 minutes, good enough for a 51-43 victory. After routing Dot in the second contest, 63-45, the already familiar second-half surge pulled out a tense 52-48 win.

Latin vs. B.C. High

Versatile B.C. High senior Jack O'Keefe's 31 points paced the Eaglets to a 46-42 victory over Latin in their first clash of the season. B.C. won it in the last quarter, with Latin leading at every checkpoint until then.

Latin played one of its best games



of the season in the second game played at B.C. High. Inspired by All-City candidate Jim Kulbacki's 31 points, Latin played a relaxed and confident game as they trounced B.C. 67-56.

In the third game, Latin suffered a heart-breaking 52-50 loss.

Latin vs. English

In what was probably the best game of the year, Latin, aided by Jim Kulbacki and Jack McCarthy, defeated English, 63-61.

Going into the fourth quarter, Latin held what looked like then a solid lead of 11 points. But with English's Dave Smith hitting for 11 points in the fourth quarter, English pulled even with Latin with 3 seconds remaining to play. A near riot erupted when the referee gave the ball to English on what was clearly Latin's ball. But fortunately, the other referee gave the ball to the Purple who went on to win it.

Denis O'Leary, Bob Gordon, John FitzGerald, and Peter Parham came off the bench often this season to give the Latin regulars some spark when in serious trouble. Congratulations to recently elected Co-captains Charlie Dever and Jack McCarthy. Much credit for the success of this year's team must be given to coach Ed Lambert whose continual encouragement and passionate zeal for victory never were daunted.



TRACK

The season started off with an overwhelming victory over Trade, but our only scorer in the State Meet was Cliff Janey who finished fifth in the 50-yard dash. In the Regimental Meet we copied fourth place with 27 and three-fourths points. In Class A Cliff Janey, our star dashman, finished fourth and Bob Concannon heaved a second place in the shotput. In Class B Richard Mitchell captured fourth in the high jump and low hurdles. Gillis finished third in the shotput. Most of our points were garnered by our Class C boys. The 600 saw Mike Gorman and Paul Hayes finish third and fourth respectively. Philip Chin, a determined worker, finished second in the hurdles and tied for fourth in the broad jump. In the 220 Eric Grey was the first Latin trackman to break the tape, followed by Carl Landrum in fourth place. Grey also

finished third in the broad jump.

Our sympathies go to Dave Santosuosso and Paul Lima, two of our star runners. Until his back injury in the State Meet, Dave had been enjoying an undefeated season in the Class A 600-yard run. Paul Lima was also sidelined because of injury.

Although they didn't place in the Reggies, there were other consistent and determined workers: Ronald Baker, Connie Husak, Tom Branca in Class A; Tyrone Powell, Bob Patakonis, Daniel Needham, in Class B; Ken Paige, and Dana Pelotas in Class C.

"Our boys are a good group of hard-working runners, and with just a touch of that something called luck, they're a cinch to be recognized as a top city team in the near future," explains Capt. Dave Santosuosso.

CHESS

The Purple and White Woodpushers Strike Back! After losing a playoff match to Brookline for last year's GBI League Championship, the Purple and White Woodpushers were co-favorites with Arlington for this year's title. However, Arlington proved to be a jinx team for Latin in chess as well as hockey. Although there are no blind goal judges at chess matches to deprive Latin of well-earned victories, Arlington still had the guns to beat us twice, by scores of 6-4 and 7½-2½. In the first match Benjie White, Jim Gobert, and Marty Flashman chalked up wins for Latin; in the second match of the home-and-home series Mark Tavel was the lone "lamp-lighter" for the Purple and White.

Latin had all ten starters returning from last year's team (Martins Duhms, Dave Woo, Mark Tavel, Ben White, Jim Gobert, Al Samansky, Dave Lowe, Marty Flashman, Richard Shore, and Ed Olszewski), and had no trouble trouncing Cambridge in the season's opener by 9½-½ tally. Latin then defeated defending champion Brookline 7-3, and followed this up with a 5½-4½ win over Newton North. After losing at Arlington, BLS bounced back with

an 8-2 victory over arch-rival English. (In an incident little publicized until now, the night before this important match, certain Latin players smeared the English High building with Vaseline, no doubt hoping this would cause English to go down to defeat more easily.) BLS victors in this match were White, Duhms, Woo, Samansky, Lowe, Flashman, Gobert, and Kantzian. In the next match Latin shut out Saugus 10-0, and then climaxed the first half of the season with a 7½-2½ victory over third place Newton South. Woo, Gobert, Shore, Samansky, Nathanson, and Kantzian won for Latin.

Latin started off the second half with repeat victories over Cambridge, Brookline, and Newton North. With a loss to Arlington, however, Latin's championship hopes disappeared, although Duhms, White, and Flashman finished the season with undefeated records.

In the Eastern Massachusetts Schoolboy Chess Championship, Duhms, Tavel, Gobert, White, and Marty and Stuart Flashman qualified for the finals.

Much of the success of this year's chess team is the result of the efforts of Coach Phil Fox.



THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

January 8: Last night Ye R.R.R. dreamed that he ate his blanket for breakfast. It was absolutely no different from the 70¢ spread.

January 14: Today Ye R.R.R. took an excursion to the wonderful BLS cafeteria — the land where money grows on trays. He noticed a funny-looking woman behind the candy counter, and asked her who she was. The woman informed him that she was a dairymaid, and when Ye R.R.R. questioned her on what she did, she replied, "Milk chocolates."

January 17: Then there was the one about the coffee grower who had his beans picked Juan by Juan.

January 22:

Ruth: "Next year I'd like to go to Circular University."

Naomi: "Is that a large school?"

Ruth: "Well, they give three hundred and sixty degrees."

January 24: In 132:

Master: "Who was the smallest man in history?"

Cicero: "The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch?"

January 28: Overheard:

"What do call it when you get a mosquito bite and then a bee sting in the same place?"

"Why, sting along with itch."

January 31:

Casper: "I went to see a spiritualist last night."

Hamlet: "Was he good?"

Casper: "Just medium."

February 1: Ye R.R.R. was startled for a moment when he saw a book entitled "How to Hug" in the Library. Avidly snatching it off the shelf, he was soon disappointed to discover that it was Volume VI of the Encyclopedia.

February 4: Overheard in 335:

Foshman: "Do you have to convert miles to nautical miles since the problem states the speeds as 12 and 15 knots?"

Master: "No, they're using the term knots loosely."

Foshman: "Oh, I see — they must be slip knots."

February 7: Ye R.R.R. won't tell you the one about the man who fell into an incinerator and made an ash of himself.

February 9: Saga at Kenmore Square:
Starter: "Did you miss your street-car, sir?"
Frustrated Commuter: "No, I just didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."

February 12: Hear about the new Metrecal shampoo? It's for fatheads.

February 26: Flug: "Did you hear about the two peanuts walking through Beacon Hill? One was assaulted!"

February 27: E.H.S. Boy: "The death rate in my school is lower than any other school in the country."
B.L.S. Man: "I know. I wouldn't be found there dead myself."

February 28:
Glump: "Where did the one-eyed monsters live?"
Finlex: "Funk and Wagnalls!"
Glump: "Funk and Wagnalls?"
Finlex: "Yes, encyclopedia!"

March 1: Overheard:
Senior: So your efforts to get on the team were fruitless, were they?"
Foursie: "Oh no! They gave me a lemon."

March 4: Today Ye R.R.R. broke his rifle in Drill, and got two marks for Unilateral Disarmament.

March 6: Today Ye R.R.R. met an old friend, Chan, who runs an importing house. Chan revealed that several teakwood knick-knacks had been stolen from his shop over a period of several nights. He stood vigil one night to catch the culprit, and witnessed an extraordinary scene. A huge polar bear tip-toed into the shop, snagged a few knick-knacks with his teeth, and hurried out on

only two feet. He has still not been caught, so be on the look-out for the bi-foot bear with teak of Chan.

March 8:

Mr. Wizard: "What is the difference between hard water and soft water?"
Mr. Clean: "Well, hard water is ice . . ."

March 11:

Master: "Why are you always behind in your studies?"
Threesie: "Why, Sir, all the better to pursue them."

March 14: At crew practice:

"Flurch, you're a gentleman and a sculler."

March 19:

Hippolytus: "This statue goes back to Ezekiel Cheever."
Confoosus: "Why, what's the matter with it?"

March 21: Once upon a time, a king's jester, a distant forbear of Ye R.R.R., punned incessantly until the king, in desperation, condemned him to be hung. Later, reconsidering his decision, the king sent a royal pardon to the jester. However, the jester was promptly hung when he replied, "No noose is good news."

March 22:

Master: "Why do you come to school by dogsled?"
Do-Rite: "Free barking, what else?"

March 25:

Tarzan: "Why do elephants have flat feet?"
Jane: "They get flat feet from jumping out of trees, stupid."

March 29:

Shmel: "Why do they ground glass?"
Klemk: "So lightning won't strike it."

April 2:

Ken Basey: "A bee just stung me, Doc. How much would you charge to dress it."
Dr. Dilkare: "Nothing, son. After all, the bee stings in life are free."

April 3: Before leaving, Ye R.R.R. would like to offer a bit of personal philosophy: "A pun is the lowest form of humor when you don't think of it first."

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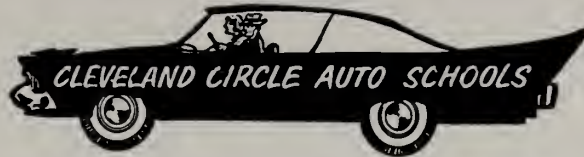
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